



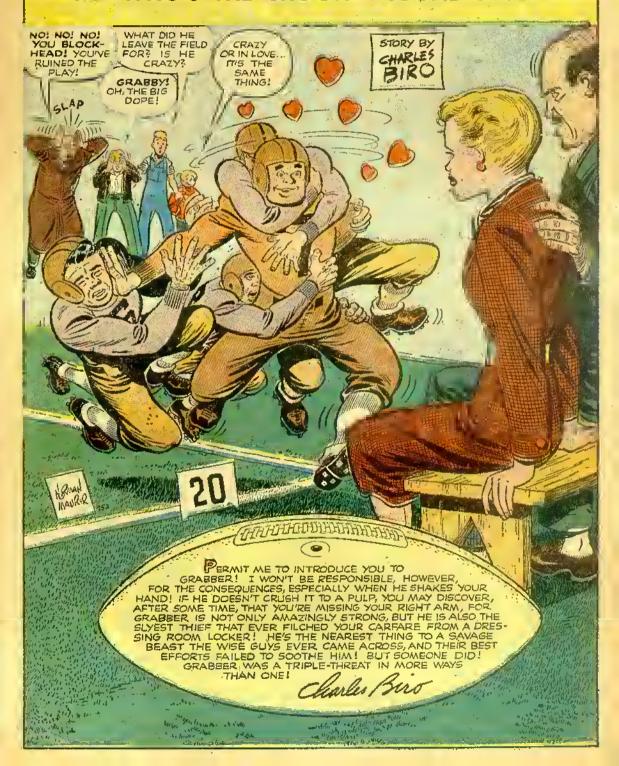




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The LITTLE WISE GUYS

IN "WHO'S THE CROOK AROUND HERE?"





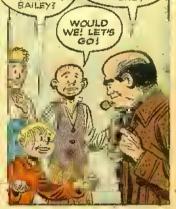
HEY, GUYS, IT'S MR. BAILEY, THE MANAGER OF THE BLUE BOMBERS! I WONDER HOW HIS TEAM IS SHAPING UP? THE SEASON BEGINS A WEEK

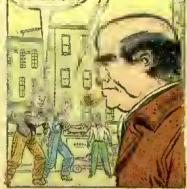
FROM TOMORROW,



YOU WOULDN'T MAYBE HAPPEN TO HAVE A FEW SPARE PASSES FOR NEXT WEEK'S GAME, WOULD YOU, MR.

SURE! GLAD TO LET YOU HAVE THEM, BOYS! SAY, I'M ON MY WAY TO SCRIMMAGE PRACTICE NOW .. CARE TO COME





OWWW! WHAT A ROTTEN PASS! THAT'S JORDAN...ONE OF MY BEST PLAYERS, TOO!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, JORDAN? HOW DO YOU THINK WE'LL WIN THE GAME NEXT SATURDAY IF YOU PASS LIKE THAT? IT FIFTEEN



I'M SORRY MR. BAILEY! I CAN'T HELP IT! I WRENCHED MY SHOULDER IN PRACTICE YESTERDAY DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO MANAGE A

I CAN'T MR.
BAILEY! I TORE A
BACK MUSCLE IN
SCRIMMAGE GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT SHOULDER IN SHAPE FOR THE GAME! HALSEY, YOU GO IN FOR JORDAN!

SCRIMMAGE THIS MORNING, AND DR. WILLIAMS SAYS UNLESS I REST FOR A WEEK, I MIGHT BE LAID UP FOR SEASON!

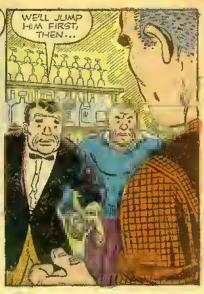












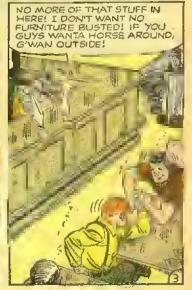








































HE'D BE TERRIFIC ON YOUR TEAM, MR.BAILEY!

DON'T WANT ANY

HE'S THE

ONE WHO





YOU SAY THIS STUFF



THIS THE GUY

PICKED UP IN THE









AND DON'T















WAS

ABOUT



COME ALONG, GRABBY! I'LL TAKE YOU OVER TO THE HOTEL ELMORE AND THANKS! WORRYING WHERE I'D GET YOU A ROOM! I HAVE A CREDIT CARD THERE, AND YOU CAN ORDER ANYTHING KER LOOM YOU WANT FROM ROOM SERVICE!















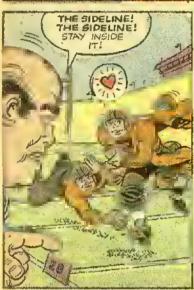
I DON'T KNOW ..





















YOU WANT ME TO PRETEND TO ADMIRE THAT GREAT BIG BULL-DOZER, GRABBY? I WON'T DO IT! I'VE NOTHING AGAINST HIM, BUT I'M ENGAGED TO PHIL NORTON, AND I CAN'T SEE THE POINT OF PRETENDING SOMETHING THAT ISN'T TRUE!



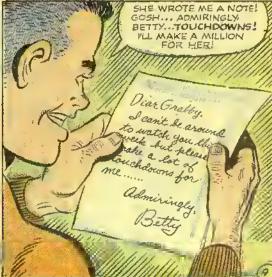
TWELVE TOUCHDOWNS IN A ROW!
AND TO TOP IT OFF HE DIDN'T SWIPE
A SINGLE THING FROM THE LOCKER
ROOM! HE'S COMPLETELY
REFORMED...AND
ALL BECAUSE
HE'S FALLEN
FOR BETTY
LONDON! SHE ISN'T AROUND
WATCHING? WILL
HE KEEP IT
UP?







































WHAT AM







BETTY

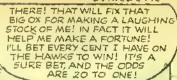




IT IS AN

RIGHT

AWAY!





DADIS GONE TO THE STADIUM ALREADY! FORGET THE GAME, BETTY! AS LONG AS GRABBY HE LEFT US TICKETS AND SAID FOR US TO GETS THE NOTE AND SAID FOR US TO BE SURE AND GET THERE IN TIME! I GUESS IT'S MY DUTY TO GO AND CHEER FOR THAT BIG DOPE, GRABBY!





GOODNESS! I'VE BEEN OVER AN HOUR PACKING! I HOPE AN HOUR HACKING; I HOTE PHIL HASN'T MINDED...OH; I GUESS HE'S IN DAD'S STUDY LISTENING TO THE GAME! I'LL SNEAK, IN AND



... AND GRABBY
JENSEN HAS COMPLETELY BLOWN
UP! THE BRILLIANT
STAR HAS FAILED
COMPLETELY TO
GIVE HIS USUAL
DAZZLING PERFORMANCE... IT'S
THE UPSET OF THE
YEAR WITH THE JAKE? THIS IS LOOKS AS IF THAT BET I PLACED WITH YOU ON THE HAWKS IS ALL SEWED UP! SEND MY TAKE TO THE OAKS LODGE, LAKE ROGERS, GEORGIA. YEAR WITH THE HONEYMOON



HA! HA! HA! LISTEN TO THOSE FANS BOO GRABBY! WHAT A STROKE OF GENIUS TO TEAR UP THAT NOTE! GO AHEAD, LOSE, GRABBY... LOSE! YOU'RE MAKING ME A FORTUNE!



YOU ROTTEN, SNEAKY, TWO-FACED SNAKE! HOW COULD YOU DARE DO SUCH A THING ... TO RUIN MY FATHER'S DREAM OF A WINNING TEAM JUST FOR SPITE AND PERSONAL GAIN! I HATE YOU ... TAKE YOUR RING!























"Vic Shakes His Shadow"



Crimebuster was anxious to get back home. He'd been away long enough. He sat impatiently at the hotel anxiously awaiting word of his fog bound plane. Crimebuster was suddenly startled out of his daze by a familiar voice.

"C. B.! Am I ever glad to see you!"

Crimebuster turned dazedly to see Vic Collins, captain of the high school football team, striding toward him.

"Why, Vie!" exclaimed Crimebuster. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I came over last week to see if we couldn't arrange an inter-state football schiedule," Vic said hasily. "But, C. B., I was never so glad to see anyone in my life! I've been going crazy all week."

"What's the matter, Vie?" queried Crimebuster. "Have those big leaguers been giving you trouble?"

-"No," answered the confused Vic, "it has nothing to do with the big leaguers. I'm just plain scared."

"Scared of what, Vie? I didn't know football players were ever scared," curiously continued Crimebuster.

"That's the whole thing, C. B., I don't know what I'm scared of. I've just had the feeling I was being watched and followed all week and I don't understand it. It gives me the creeps," shuddered Vic.

"There must be something at the bottom of this," said Crimebuster. "Maybe you'd better start from the beginning and tell me everything."

"That's the trouble, C. B., there just doesn't seem anything to tell. My imagination may be running away with me but then, I guess, there are a couple of things that make me wonder." Vie was talking earnestly

to Crimebuster in a fow whisper when suddenly he jumped. "There he is! In the grey felt hat."

Crimebuster turned in the direction in which Vie was looking and caught sight of a slight man in a grey felt hat just disappearing around the corner toward the door.

"Who is he?" queried Crimebuster.

"I don't know," answered Vic, "but I've had the feeling he might be following me. I seem to see him everywhere. Sometimes he acts like he wants to talk to me, makes some signal that could mean anything. Then sometimes he just disappears."

"That is strange," mused Crimebuster. "Has anything elso happened?"

"Well, yes," said Vic, "I'm almost sure someone was in my hotel room the other night while I was at dinner. When I got back to the room everything looked about the same but I just sensed a difference. There were a few things that weren't exactly as I thought I left them, yet I can't be sure."

"Are you carrying anything someone else wants?" Crimebuster inquired. "Maybe some new plays the team is going to use — anything the leaguers would like to have?"

"No," answered Vic, "just next year's football schedule and a lot of data on who plays where and when. I don't even have much money with me. I just don't understand this."

Vie was interrupted by a voice coming over the loud speaker. "Attention all air line passengers. All planes grounded indefinitely due to heavy fog."

"Well," said Crimebuster, "I guess that means we're going to be stuck here another night if this fog doesn't lift. If we really want to get to the bottom of this we'd better not be seen together. I'll get a room right

next door to you and be near you all the time in case you need any help."

"I think you're right, C. B.," answered Vic, "there may be more to this than we think and the man in the grey hat is more likely to come after me if I'm alone than if I'm with you — particularly if he knows who you are."

"No one in this neck of the woods knows me, you can be sure," answered Crimebuster.

Vic and Crimebuster separated and Crimebuster managed to get the room next to Vic's for the night. The door between the rooms made it possible for them to see each other behind closed doors but they managed to stay aparf and act as if they didn't know each other while they were in the lobby and other rooms of the hotel. While at dinner, Crimebuster spotted the man in the grey felt hat eating at another table. He was in a position so he could see Vic hut Vic could not see him. The man seemed to ignore Crimebuster and Crimebuster hoped he'd dismissed the fact that he'd seen him talking to Vic carlier in the afternoon. After dinner Crimebuster and Vic went to their separate rooms, then Crimebuster went through the connecting door into Vic's room.

"Well, Vie," said Crimebuster, "I saw your pal in the dining room. He seemed to be keeping a pretty close watch on you."

"So he's still around," shuddered Vic. "I didn't see him."

Just at that moment they heard footsteps in the hall. Crimebuster jumped from his chair and ran back into his room, locked the connecting door but kept his car pressed close to the panel. The steps stopped in front of Vic's door, then there was a knock.

Vie answered in a tremulous voice, "who is it?"

From outside came the answer. "Ya know who it is, kid. Let me in."

"I don't know who it is," answered Vic.

Awright, ya smart alec. I'll let myself in," answered the voice in anger.

Crimebuster than heard the sound of a key in the lock, then he heard the door open. Then he heard the voice again, "Listen kid. Where is it?"

"Where is what?" answered Vic.

"Aw dry up. You know what I'm talking about. What are you trying to pull. You've seen my signals and you've been trying to fade. Ya can't fade when I'm around. That's why the boys call me Shadow ha, ha."

"I don't know what you're talking about," answered Vic.

"Don't act so stupid and hand over that brief case you've been clutching like a scared rabbit," answered Shadow.

"All this has in it is football schedules," answered the surprised Vic.

"Don't gimme that stuff," answered Shadow, "just hand it over."

There was a momentary silence, then Crimebuster heard the sound of shuffling papers, then he heard the angered voice of Shadow. "Where is the stuff? Don't be stupid, kid. You can't pull anything like this on Lips. You ought to know that by now."

The minute Crimebuster heard mention of the name "Lips" he opened the door, jumped on Shadow and knocked him to the floor. Shadow had been holding a gun but was so surprised by the onslaught that it dropped to the floor. Vic quickly picked it up and pointed it at the slippery little man whose grey felt hat had fallen to the floor. Crimebuster got up and went to the house phone. Calling the desk he was switched immediately to the police. He urged them to come immediately as he and Vic were holding one of "Lips" Malone's boys.

As soon as Crimebuster hung up the phone the nervous Shadow started talking. "Gee, fellahs, I don't know nothin'. I'm just an innocent bystander. In fact, I er, I er thought this kid here was one of Lips' stooges, yeah, I thought he was one of Lips boys and that's why I followed him."

"You can tell that to the police, Shadow," said Crimebuster as he turned to Vic. "Be sure and keep him covered while I let the cops in." Crimebuster walked to the door and let two policemen in.

"Well, if it isn't C. B.," greeted one of the policemen. "What are you doing so far from home?"

"Oh, I just dropped over to pick up Shadow. He's one of Lips Malone's sidekicks," jovially answered Crimebuster.

"Well, I'll be," continued the cop as he came in the room. "If it isn't Shadow, We've been wanting you for a long time, buddy, with a list of charges as long as your arm."

Wasting no time the two policemen handcuffed the terrified Shadow and marched him out the door.

The next day the fog lifted and Crimebuster and the relieved Vic boarded their homebound plane. Crimebuster picked up a newspaper at the airport and the two read with interest the story of Shadow Smith.

Shadow had been instructed by Lips Maloue, big time narcotics ring leader, to pick up a package from a young kid who would bring a load of dope over the border. Shadow unfortunately tailed the wrong kid, who was none other than a small town football hero, Vic Collins and friend of the famous Crimebuster. Together Vic and Crimebuster had captured Shadow. By the time the paper went to press information Shadow had released had the infamous Lips Malone behind bars. The young man who was to deliver the drug to Shadow had been apprehended shortly after Shadow's arrest.

THE END





THE REAGONS WHY AMERICA PRODUCES
THE GREATEST OLYMPIC TEAMS IN THE
WORLD ARE MANY! THE OBVIOUS REASONS
APPEAR TO BE OUR SUPERIOR HEALTH
AND THE ABUNDANCE AND QUALITY OF
OUR FOOD! ACTUALLY, THE MAIN FACTOR
IS OUR DRIVING, RELENTLESS DESIRE TO
BETTER OURSELVES! OUR AMBITION
DOESN'T STOP WITH OUR SUCCESS IN TRACK
AND FIELD! WE TAKE IT WITH US INTO
SCIENCE, AGRICULTURE AND INDUSTRY!
EVERY BANDLOT IN AMERICA IS A BUSY
ANVIL, SHAPING AND TEMPERING THE
GREATEST ALLOY ON EARTH—AMERICA'S
YOUTH! FOOTBALL IS ONE OF ITS MANY
COMPONENTS...

IN "FINDERS WEEPERS"

HEY!

WHAT'S

WHOOPS!!

LEMME GO! I DIDN'T WANTA CHEAT YOU! THEY MADE ME! STORY BY CHARLES BIRO



















MAYBE YOU

OUTNUMBER

US, BUT YOU'RE NOT PUSHING







SHUT UP!

THAT DOUGH













WHY DON'T

PUSH

ON

HIM

HIYA

SLUGGER!







OKAY, VERY

THE OTHER



HOLD IT,

PETE-

JOCK!

CURLY!











THAT'S A

WAIT A







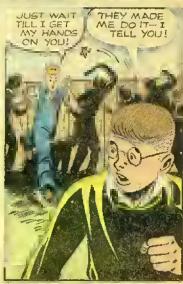
































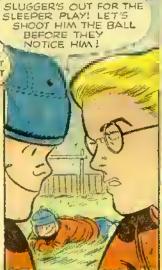


















OH, YEAH? IT'S





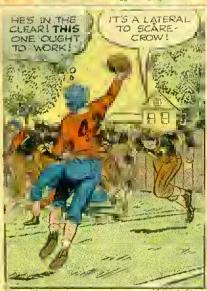




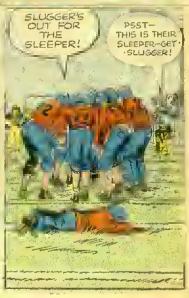


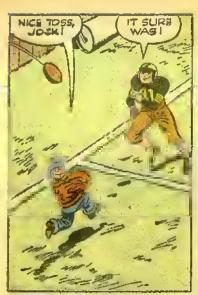
































WITH ONLY MINUTES LEFT IN THE FOURTH QUARTER, THE WISE GUYS CALL A TIME OUT.

YOU CAN'T AUDIT, OR WE WON'T EVEN HAVE ELEVEN THINK SPRAINED MEN!

I THINK I'LL CALL THE GAME, AND GIVE IT TO YOU WISE GUYS

WANNA WIN



A DATE HEY-WATCH BALL'S SET WITH MY SHARE COMING AT YA! FIFTY!



OKAY-THE





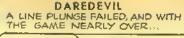


NOW I'M SURE THEY KNOW OUR PLAYS! OOFFF! SMEARED AGAIN!

PSYCHIC, THAT'S ALL! WHY DON'T YOU GUYS QUIT?

WE'RE JUST





WE CAN'T GO
OVER THE LINE,
OR THROUGH
IT, NOR
AROUND IT!

AROUND IT!

WE'LL DO—
BZZZZBZZZZ...

















































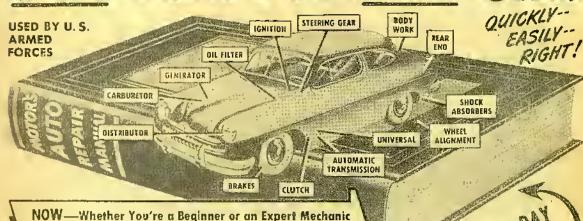


IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF THE
LITTLE WISE
GUYS, YOU WILL
MEET THE FIGHTER
WHO COULDN'T
BE KNOCKED OUT!
WAS HIS SECRET
A MAN-MADE
TRICK, OR A
FREAK OF NATURE?
DON'T MISS
THE HOTTEST
THING IN THE
HISTORY OF
BOXING—"THE
JELLY JAW"

DAREDEVIL
NEXT MONTH!







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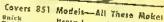
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